

Spring 5-6-2002

LUVME

Lehigh University Music Department

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LUVME

Lehigh University Very Modern Ensemble
Paul Salerni, director

presents

New Music from Lehigh

a concert of compositions by Lehigh students

featuring special guest artists

The Lehigh University Philharmonic
Paul Chou, director

and

Debra Field, soprano

Monday, May 6, 2002
8 p.m.
Baker Hall

PROGRAM

These (Un)wasted Years

text and music by Andrew Mall

Gelsey Bell, voice
Andrew Mall, voice and guitar
*Phong Ta, violin
*Domenic Salerni, violin
^Paul Chou, viola
^David Bakamjian, cello
Brian Simpson, marimba
^Paul Salerni, piano

Sorellanza

Tiffany Giangiulio

I borrowed the opening chord of **Sorellanza** from a song for guitar and voice that my best friend and I wrote when we were 14 years old. From that chord, an overarching theme emerged and developed, just as our friendship has developed over the years. Hence, the name **Sorellanza**, the Italian word for sisterhood. This piece is for that friend...we'll still be standing when all is said and done!

Christine

Rhonda Humbert

This piece embodies my reaction to the B-grade horror movie called *The Convent*. In writing the piece, I had a hard time avoiding the highly dissonant character of the opening motive.

Gioco

Lorraine Annucci

There are seven short melodies that inhabit this piece. However, after working with these melodies, it became apparent that three of them sounded more like musical interruptions. The way the interruptions worked struck me as humorous, as if these interrupting melodies were playing a funny little game (gioco) with their more serious counterparts.

Shadows

Katherine Fay

Everyone has undoubtedly at some point in his or her life gone through a time when he or she experienced some loss or uncertainty. At such times, one often begins to think and reflect on subjects which words cannot describe. Like shadows, these thoughts are vague and somewhat intangible. This piece is a representation of some of those thoughts and feelings.

Orange

David Servas

Orange's contrasting ideas are organized into three large sections. Driven by a dissonant ostinato introduced in the opening measures, the first section's angular melody leads the listener through a variety of changes in meter--eventually culminating with a sudden textural reduction that begins the middle section. That section is characterized by a simpler harmonic structure, which in turn influences the recapitulation of the piece where the ostinato returns in a much less dissonant form.

The Lehigh University Philharmonic
Paul Salerni, guest conductor

KiDoAiRaku

Tae Sakamoto

(in four movements)

These Haiku poems are all written by women around 1000 A.D. As is the case with other art forms in earlier times, it is rare to find poems by women. However, I find each one of these more beautifully and delicately written than a lot of other famous poems that I know. Interestingly, a large percentage of Haiku poems are based on people's love life as are those I chose for this composition. They were apparently written while these women waited for their lovers to visit and spend a night together. Of course, it was normal for men to have more than one lover at the same time back in the eleventh century, and it was often the case that they did not show up.

"KiDoAiRaku" is an expression we use in Japanese when somebody shows strong feelings about something. Ki means happiness, Do means anger, Ai means sorrow, and Raku means enjoyment. I thought this would be a perfect title for these songs because each of these poems projects different emotions (although dealing with same issue) that, even today, we can all relate to.

^Debra Field, soprano
^Andrew Wittchen, harp
The Lehigh University Philharmonic
Tae Sakamoto, guest conductor

*denotes guest artist

^denotes Lehigh faculty

Special thanks to Paul Chou for his help in arranging the Philharmonic's appearance in tonight's concert.

KiDoAiRaku

I. The Bell is tolling,
telling the time has
come to go off to bed.
But, yearning for you so,
how could I hope to sleep?
(by Lady Kasa)

If I live on
to wait tonight, then again
I will feel this way –
which makes me wish
my life might end
before the nightfall comes.
(by Izumi Shikibu)

III. When one lies alone
lamenting the whole night though
until break of day,
how slowly the time goes by –
ah, but you wouldn't know.
(by The Mother of Captain Michitsuna)

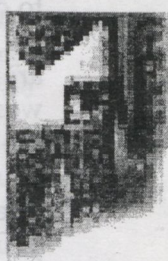
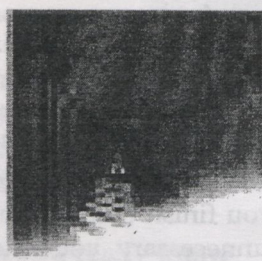
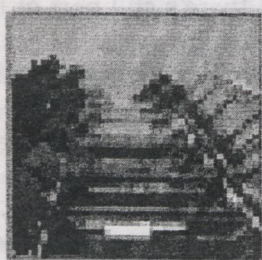
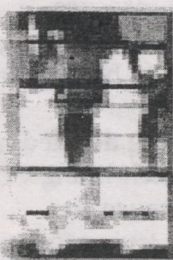
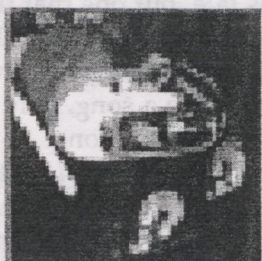
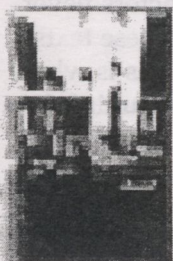
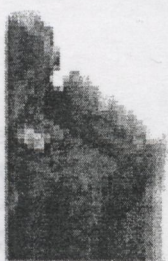
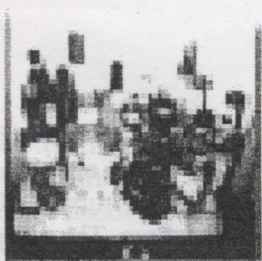
IV. Anger and sorrow
have made my never-dry sleeves
a complete ruin –
but still more hateful to me
is love's ruin of my good name.
(by Lady Sagami)

Like a string of jewels,
break now –shatter, my life!
For if I live on
I must surely lose the strength
to conceal my secret love.
(by Princess Shikishi)

In last remembrance
of the world I soon must leave
to return no more,
this is what I most desire:
one final meeting with you.
(by Izumi Shikibu)

II. Though I go to you
ceaselessly along dream paths,
the sum of those trysts
is less than a single glimpse
granted in the waking world.
(by Lady Kasa)

In my idleness
I turn to look at the sky –
though it's not as if
the man I am waiting for
will descend from the heavens.
(by Izumi Shikibu)



THESE (UN)WASTED YEARS

a song cycle in six parts
words and music

written and arranged by

Andrew Mall

May 6th, 2002

The texts of the following pieces were born of heartache. It's a story that's told so often that it's practically a cliché by now: love leads to loss. The subject of countless artifacts produced since the beginning of time. The texts also point to some sort of redemption, a release from that which we all feel we cannot live without. So, there is a universal truth in this tale, but one that the actors never seem to be able to see from where they stand. I pulled these texts together as songs on my guitar, went from there, and this is where I arrived. And then, I wanted to write a song, only it wouldn't be a song song, it would be me talking about a song.

I think I just did that.

See, my first kiss was in seventh grade. Vanessa was her name, and soon after that fated kiss she dropped me for a sixth grader. I've had several kisses since then, all of which were far, far better than that initial one. But there's still part of that insecure adolescent hiding in dealings with the opposite sex, and I'm willing to bet that it won't dissipate the older I get. I'm willing to bet that it will only grow stronger.

My last kiss was a week or so ago. Since then, I've decided to hold off on kisses for a while. Yet, I can't picture myself living without them. I can't picture myself old and alone, because the mystery of relationships is one that everyone is always trying to solve, yet getting no closer to the solution. So, what else is there left to do?

A wise man once told me that part of figuring out who you are is figuring out who you are *not*, and thus no time is ever wasted, even if it comes to an unpleasant conclusion. Of course, the same guy told me "Life is one big shit sandwich, and every day you take another bite." I like to think that these two ideas are interrelated, that by the time you finish that ill-fated sandwich, you'll have eliminated all the unnecessary, you'll have trimmed all the fat from your persona.

I call this: identity by process of elimination.

Part of that elimination has been my time spent here at Lehigh University. This is a funny place, full of coincidences and ironies that even the least cautious observer cannot mistake. I've learned a lot here, a lot about myself, yet I cannot wait to leave. It's wrenching, and a relief at the same time. So, you can look at the

dissolution of a relationship as a metaphor for time spent here.
There are things that I don't want to leave behind, but I know that
it's a necessary part of finding out where I'm needed the most.

And so I say to you to live, love, and lose, and you'll be
better for it on the other side. I'll see you there.

All my pieces are dated. This one's from:
Lehigh University, 1997-2002.

THESE (UN)WASTED YEARS

number one: a thousand things

a thousand things / come crashing down / in this brief instant. / i
dream of home / i dream of tomorrow. / like a sunset in the
evening / i know i'll see you again. / but i hate being away / from
the light inside your heart / the glowing of your love. / when
you're near / i am free to feel / and touch and hold / the one
thing out of thousands / that comes crashing down / just for me.

number two: what a surprise

walking and talking silently / you say you cannot hear me scream
/ i say i cannot hear you cry / when you cry aloud / you wear the
same clothes you did last week / you ate the same food / you used
to eat / nothing feels different to me / but difference is all i ever see
/ what a surprise. / taking your hand / like a candy bar / to a
starving man / only now do i realize / only now can i surmise /
it's not the same hand anymore

number three: do you really know

do you really know where you are? / do you really know what to
be? / is it possible to be the same / i want you to realize / that in
my eyes / you're almost just like me.

number four: differences

differences / drawing lines is easy / crossing lines is hard / some-
times i can't wait / for tomorrow.

number five: silence

encased in ice / chip away like / an overgrown / raincoat / today
is nice / tripping away / i cannot hear / the silence / slanting
downwards but / panting onwards is / just the same to me /
don't you see / just wake him up why / don't you, it's okay / just
say it's me / but you haven't laid / the proper claims / on the
ground yet / you didn't cry and neither / did i, the other night /
we were so high / the lights turned off alike an / hour ago

number six: release

the burning flowers / chase you down / underground / losing
power / the candle in your eyes / can only burn for so long /
what permeates the fire / of your eyes / when you cry? / is it my
hault? / and how is it / that you see only what / you want to
believe? / like a prowler / chasing you through the night / but i'm
innocent / not cognizent / just malcontent / release me / i cannot
wait to see / the effects / of my popularity / release me / you
can't afford to flee / the unforgiving / unrelenting / unrepenting /
sea. / release me.

the players:

Andrew Mall - voice, guitar

Gelsey Bell - voice

Paul Salerni - piano

Brian Simpson - marimba

Phong Ta - violin

Domenic Salerni - violin

Paul Chou - viola

David Bakamjian - cello

much thanks to:

Paul Salerni, the players, 612, 536, 507, (+ assorted cohorts), the
PIA crew, the DWS crowd, and all those who have offered advice
over the years, months, and days

this piece is dedicated to:

all the girls who have graciously allowed me to kiss them. without
you, there would be no heartache and no redemption.